The World.

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INEXPLICABLE LAUGHTER.

WHY did the Taxpayers' Convention break "into laughter, howls of derision and hisses," as one account puts it, when a speaker referred to Mayor Gaynor as "one of the greatest men in the city government?" The speaker did not accuse the Mayor of being "good natured to a fault." Nor did he impute to His Honor a temperamental aversion to censoriousness. He said that Mr. Gaynor was an able administrator, and he is.

Laughter was the last thing such a statement called for. Back of this manifestation of disapprobation was there memory of occasions when the laugh was on the other side? Was there recollection of instances when the Mayor exposed the activities of "accelerators" with selfish interests in the enterprises they wanted the city to take up, or when he lectured self-constituted committees ignorant of the very terms of the issues on which they aspired to instruct him or force his hand? Or was there just the natural, human, inconsistent resentment of persons who had been demanding that the city do something—build subways, for example—and had learned that to do anything costs money, and may cause an increase in realty valuations?

Mayor Gaynor has headed wrong more than once, but he understands his job. Where other administrators are content to have ideas, he has intuitions. The science of government has been his study, his passion. In pretty nearly equal parts he is blend of philosopher, politician and "village character" as his frequent letters are a blend of Attic salt and Bocotian mustard. He has done the difficult thing of making local government interesting. A man to be taken more or less seriously, and no fit subject for the loud laugh that may speak a mental tenement unfurnished.

DRIVE OUT THE MILLS?

LIKE all paternalists, Dr. Wiley, Federal food expert, would be cruel when he meant to be kind if he had his way in reconstructing our cities. "Every city," he says, "should be prohibited by law from any kind of manufacturing. It should be reserved for exchange." Then the factories would go to the country and laborers would have their own garden plots. Such a scheme Sidney Reeve unfolds in his "Cost of Competition," but by also wiping out exchange carries a step further: "The grass will gather, be cultivated even, in lower Broadway, and Wall street will be as quiet as on a Sabbath morning. Central Park will have grown to coalesce with the Battery, Manhattan become one vast public garden."

Dr. Wiley to the contrary notwithstanding, the city is the place for the factory, because there it is assured of labor to operate it. It is also the place for the laborer, because there he is assured of constant employment of some kind. Operatives in factory towns are too much dependent on the vicissitudes of the mills. If there is a shut-down, they are thrown into idleness. If there is a wage reduction, often they must accept it, or sacrifice their homes and move elsewhere In the city if a mill shuts down other mills may have need of its hands, or the latter may find jobs in other lines, or on the big public works that cities are always making. The son and daughter can get office positions and tide the family over its temporary dearth.

To both manufacturer and employee the city may spell high rents. But it spells Opportunity. Not without reason this city reported in the 1905 census 20,839 manufacturing establishments, and 464,716 wage earners, constituting with their families more than half the population; an annual pay-roll of $248,128,259 and a product of $1,526,523,006—a sum equal to the foreign commerce of the port, and one-tenth the total manufacturing product of the country.

DOGS, OR CHILDREN, WHICH?

IN the last eight months seven persons have died of rabies here, 192 mad dogs have been seized, and 2,462 persons, 1,743 of them children, have been bitten. These figures, as the Board of Health says in a bulletin, spell "municipal disgrace." They spell also, it declares, "suffering and lowered efficiency," "worry and apprehension," "expense and loss of time from work."

If dogs commonly bit their owners, or if their owners footed the bills for their depredations, with "smart money" added, the outrage would be more tolerable. But dogs bite the children of other people, and probably in not one case in fifty is there voluntary and adequate compensation therefor. No compensation could be adequate where hydrophobia is communicated, or where the sensibilities of a child are permanently affected by a dog's attack, or where the haunting fear of hydrophobia has been planted in the minds of parents.

Why should there be dogs in the city, anyway? If there must be dogs, why are they not all licensed and muzzled or placed on a leash when at large? Why are not vagrant dogs despatched forthwith? Why is there no law which will put the owner of a dog squarely behind its misdeeds and make them as perilous to his purse as it is to the peace of mind of other people?

Letters From the People

Fortune Telling.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Readers, do you think it is possible for any human being to tell you what will happen in your future life? Several friends, including my mother, have told me stories of fortune tellers, gypsies, etc., telling them their fortunes and that everything told them came about exactly as described. It may seem foolish to ask about this, but there are many people who, I know, are being swindled out of their money by so-called fortune tellers, etc. Will readers discuss this and give facts on either side? Or is it just a case of guess work? R. H. C.

The Flag Pledge Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to "Fair Play," I would say that nobody would ask him to forswear his allegiance to America because of his making a living in England; but if he should send his children to English public schools to be educated at the expense of English taxpayers, both he and the children so educated should at least obey the laws of the land and the rules of the school, even to reciting a "Flag Pledge," if such a pledge is given in English schools. If you do not want your children to do this, send them to a private school, where no such pledge is exacted. J. C. WARD.

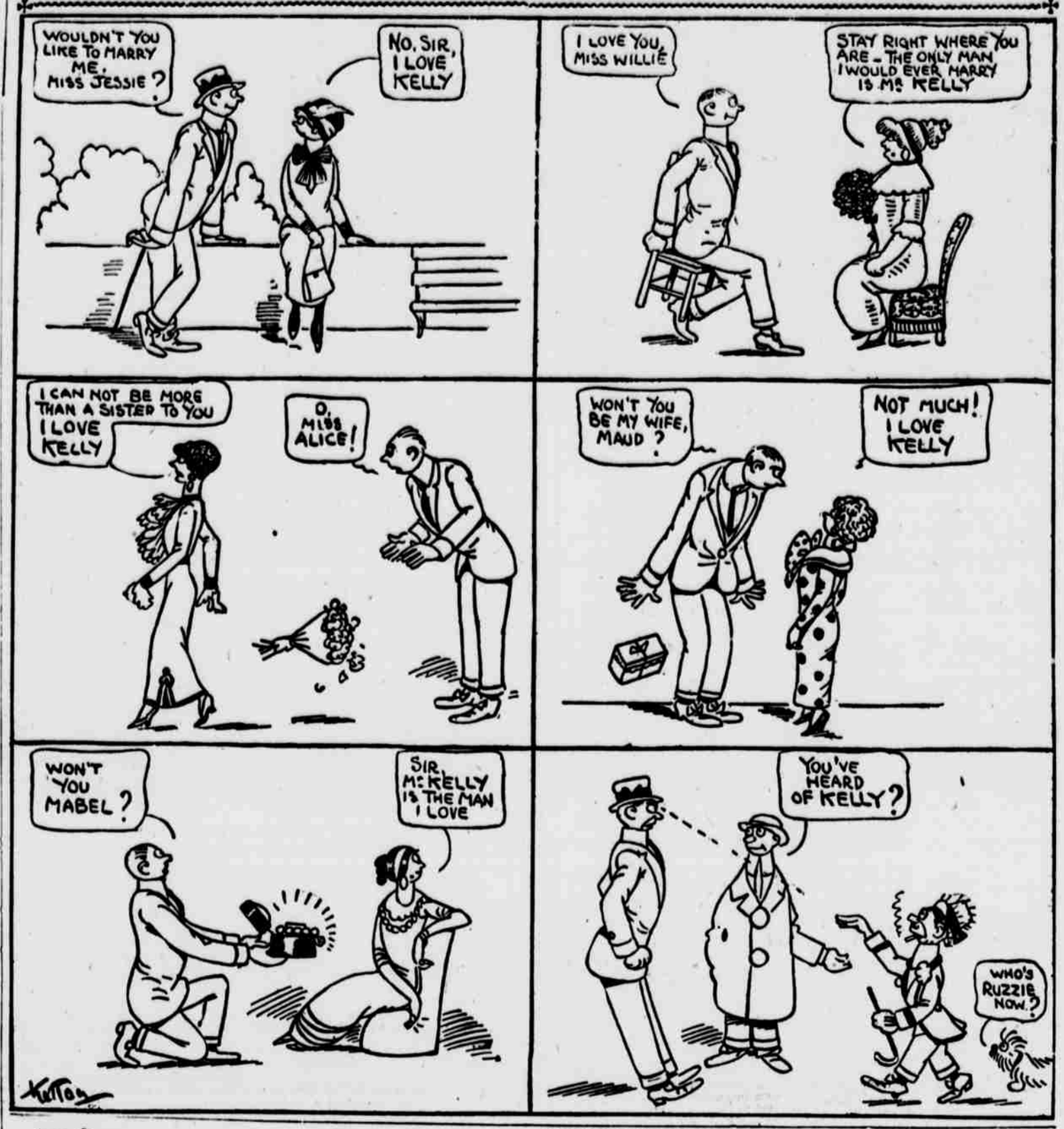
The Carpet Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In response to E. Edward's query (as to the cost of carpeting a room 15x20 feet, the carpet being 27 inches wide and costing $2 per yard), I should like to offer the following solution: 15÷2¼=6 2-3. Hence, he must buy 7 strips. 20÷2=6 2-3, which is the number of yards each strip must contain. 6 2-3 yards × 7=46 2-3 yards, the number of yards which he must buy. $2.00×46 2-3=$92.33 1-3, the cost of carpeting the room. HARRY A. M'CLUSKEY.

Such Is Life!

By Maurice Ketten.



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell.

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Mrs. Jarr Loses Dishes, but She Wins a Victory

A CRASH of crockery in the kitchen sent a shiver of horror down the spine of Mrs. Jarr. A few desultory scattering smashes followed, showing, by the tell-tale sounds, that Gertrude had evidently knocked over a tray of draining, inverted dishes from the top of the stationary washtubs, and that the bulk had crashed to the floor first and that several rolling cups and glasses had changed their minds about staying safely on the edge and had followed their lovely companions that were scattered and dead, as Mr. Thomas Moore said about the post season roses.

"Well, I'll take THIS out of her wages—she may depend on that!" thought Mrs. Jarr. "That's the way to stop such carelessness!" If she had paused to think a minute she would have known she would NOT do any such thing. Brave as all housewives are, ready and eager to terrify husbands, janitors, tradesmen, they do not, and dare not, take broken dishes out of light running domestics' wages.

But, armed with resolve while her indignation was warm, Mrs. Jarr descended upon Gertrude in her realm, and as that young person was stooping down and picking up the remnants to put in the garbage can, she told her what she thought.

"It wasn't my fault!" asserted Battling Gertrude. "Master Willie was playing in here in the sink with clothespins, fighting the Turks, ma'am, and the Eyetalian warships, ma'am, and I'm a poor girl, but I'm a lady, and the clothespins he left on top the tubs got under the tray and rolled the dishes to the floor, and I can't be bothered with children under me feet in the kitchen. And, anyway, I'll leave to-day, because I can marry Mr. Elmer at Gus's, and he's saving his money to open a liquor store for hisself in the Bronx, or I can marry Mr. Rattigan, the paperhanger, or my gentleman friend, the fireman, and be a hero's bride, and I don't need to take nothing from nobody! So there!"

What Mrs. Jarr would have said had she gotten an opening will never be known, for interspersed with the last of the rhetorical torrent set forth above the doorbell rang.

And, to retreat with the honors of war, Mrs. Jarr answered the ring herself.

It was Mrs. Stryver.

"Excuse me, my dear, I'm all out of breath," puffed the grand dame. "I am so unused going up over one flight of stairs! In fact I told Mr. Stryver that we must put an electric elevator in our house, but he says, and truly, that it would be useless expense, seeing that the street is full of cheap flats and we will have to move to Riverside Drive to be among those of our own class sooner or later. But, really, I should have brought my maid, only my maid has left me. And it's no use to be kind to them. The meaner you treat them the more you get out of them!"

Mrs. Jarr had had such small chance to say anything for the past five minutes that her vocal chords were grown rusty with disuse; but it ran through her mind that she was honored by a visit from the wealthy Mrs. Stryver because that lady had some need for her, and so it proved.

"Yes, my heart is nearly broken about servants!" Mrs. Stryver went on. "So I just made up my mind to call on you and throw myself on your mercy. I know, my dear, that you are so situated that you get along among the working classes more than I do. I know you are well acquainted with most worthy people who go into service, and I said to myself, 'Surely Mrs. Jarr, living in a flat-house as she does, MUST know some neat poor people who would gladly take the place of Hilda, my personal maid, temporarily at least!'"

Mrs. Jarr was all sweetness and light.

"I am having the same trouble myself," she vouchsafed. "I simply can't get a well trained second maid. Of course, since Mr. Stryver became suddenly wealthy—nothing came of that trouble over his brokerage business with the authorities, I trust?—you have maids. But you know I've ALWAYS had them, and so I know how to manage them, and I know, too, what a well trained service is, and I will have no other."

"Then I know, dear, as you live in a flat and can do your own work, you wouldn't mind letting me have your Gertrude. She seems ignorant but willing."

Mrs. Jarr heard a rustle in the hall and knew Gertrude was listening.

"Gertrude ignorant?" cried Mrs. Jarr quickly. "She is a very intelligent and refined girl. She comes of a splendid family. She is in no sense a servant. Rather a friend who helps me till I can get servants. She is engaged to be married to a young business man and has an offer from a very important employee of the city!"

And after Mrs. Stryver departed Gertrude came in and insisted that Mrs. Jarr should take the broken dishes out of her wages.

It was another triumph for household diplomacy at a crucial moment.

What You Should Know

ABOUT CUSTOMS LAW.

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From Collector Loeb.

"FAILURE to declare all articles acquired abroad by purchase or gift, either through ignorance or the desire to 'take a chance,' is the chief cause of trouble and discomfort for passengers entering the port of New York. If passengers would state the exact number of pieces of baggage, and would declare all articles, whether dutiable or free, not excepting the hundred-dollar exemption, passing the customs would be easy," says Collector Loeb.

"The law provides that every person entering the United States shall make a declaration and entry of his or her personal baggage, and that the values of articles shall be determined by customs officers irrespective of the statements of passengers. People should know that these two requirements taken together place the passengers in the same position as any other importer of merchandise, and that there is no discourtesy in the requirement for a declaration and an independent appraisal.

"In order that an expeditious examination may be made all dutiable articles should be packed in one trunk. Ladies travelling alone should state that fact in their declarations, and the senior member of a family present as a passenger may make declaration for the entire family.

"When the declaration is prepared and signed the coupon at the bottom of the form should be detached and retained by the passenger and the form given to the officer of the ship designated to receive it. A declaration spoiled in preparation should not be destroyed, but be returned to the purser, who will furnish a new blank.

"After all the baggage and effects of the passenger have been landed upon the pier the coupon retained by the passenger must be presented at the inspector's desk, whereupon an inspector will be detailed to examine the baggage. Passengers must acknowledge in person on the pier their signatures to their declarations.

"No tip or bribe should be offered customs officers. Customs officers who accept gratuities or bribes will be dismissed from the service, and all parties concerned will be liable to criminal prosecution. Any discourtesy or incivility shown to passengers should be reported at once.

"Currency or certified checks only will be accepted in payment of duties. Upon request, baggage will be retained on the piers for twenty-four hours to enable the owner to secure currency or certified checks.

"Under sections 2802 and 3802 of the Revised Statutes articles obtained abroad and not declared are subject to seizure and the passenger is liable to criminal prosecution. Articles taken from the United States and remodelled, repaired or improved abroad must be declared, and the cost of this remodelling, repairing or improving must be separately stated.

"Household effects, including books, pictures, furniture, tableware, table linen, bed linen and other similar articles, unless used abroad by the owner for a year or more, are dutiable. Goods in the piece or articles intended for sale or for other persons are also dutiable.

"If under $100 in value and if necessary for comfort and convenience for the purposes of travel, and not for sale to other persons, the following articles are free: Clothing, toilet articles, such as combs, brushes, soaps, cosmetics, shaving and manicure sets, jewelry and other articles of personal adornment. Similar personal effects are free: Cameras, canes, fishing tackle, field, opera and marine glasses, golf sticks, guns, musical instruments, parasols, photographs, smokers' articles, steamer rugs and shawls, toys, trunks and valises.

"Clothing and other personal effects taken out of the United States by the passenger, if increased in value or improved in condition while abroad, are dutiable on the cost of repairs. Otherwise they are free.

It must be remembered, however, that this list is incomplete, and that all articles are dutiable unless specifically exempted by law.

The Difference.

"I hear you're trying to get into the best society."

"Oh, no, indeed. Only into the highest."

Great Moments In War.

Told By Living Generals.

By PHILIP R. DILLON.

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No. 4—Gen. T. F. Rodenbough at the Battle of Winchester.

ON Governor's Island, in New York Harbor, headquarters of the United States army, Department of the East, is the office of the Military Service Institution of the United States, the organization founded by Gen. Hancock and others in 1878 to disseminate military information. Here is published the "Journal" of the institution, a monthly military magazine of deep and wide authority, and to this office each day comes the editor of the magazine, a straight, slim, kindly mannered man, the right sleeve of his coat empty. Officers and men salute him with grave affection, for this soldier with one arm is Gen. Theophilus F. Rodenbough.

He was born at Easton, Pa., in 1838, educated at Lafayette College, and was appointed second lieutenant of the Second United States Dragoons when the civil war commenced. Part of the cavalry was then called "dragoons."

At Gettysburg he commanded this cavalry regiment. In three different battles he was wounded. He was breveted for "gallant and meritorious service" at the battles of Opequon, Todd's Tavern and Cold Harbor, and received the Congress medal for gallantry at Trevillion's Station.

In March, 1865, he received the brevet of brigadier-general in the regular army. He remained in active service in the regular army until 1870, when he retired. In 1904 he was given the full rank of brigadier-general, retired.

With all his talent for literature, he has written nothing about himself except the brief official reports to his superiors.

"No, I shall not write an autobiography," said Gen. Rodenbough, looking up from a pile of manuscript he was editing.

"Will you not tell the story of what befell you at the battle of Winchester?"

"That is officially called the 'Battle of Opequon,' though commonly known as the battle of Winchester," said the General, dropping his manuscript and settling back with a far away look in his eyes. "It was the first general engagement in Gen. Sheridan's campaign against Gen. Jubal Early. It was fought on Sept. 19, 1864.

"I was in command of my regiment, the Second U. S. Cavalry, on that day. Col. Lowell commanded the brigade, which was part of Gen. Wesley Merritt's division of cavalry that formed the right of our battle line.

"Gen. Early, commanding the Confederate army of approximately 25,000, was in a strong position before the town of Winchester, and Gen. Sheridan, with about 40,000 men, moved to drive him out of that position.

"At 2 o'clock in the morning we moved, and at 5 o'clock came to Opequon Creek, on the other side of which, at the ford, was the 'Stonewall brigade' of Virginians, holding an outpost of Early's army. We crossed and drove them back, and our whole division moved forward.

"All day long the battle continued, the enemy moving backward, disputing every foot of distance, so to speak. Gen. Averell came with his cavalry brigade and joined Merritt on the right, while Gen. Wilson's cavalry formed the extreme left of Sheridan's line, and gradually our flanks lapped the enemy and Gen. Sheridan prepared to strike him in front and flanks.

"About 1 o'clock in the afternoon Col. Lowell came to me and we surveyed a stone wall in our immediate front behind which the enemy lay. The Colonel said, pointing to a clump of trees somewhat to the right, through which ran the stone wall:

"'Gen. Custer is about to charge the other side of those trees. Let us also go in.'

"Now most of Lowell's brigade had been dismounted, and there was left mounted only one squadron of my regiment. Col. Lowell intended to make a bluff at the enemy, as it were, to help the real charge made by Custer.

"Just then there came out of the grove in full view of our brigade a man with a Confederate battle flag—the Stars and Bars. He waved it furiously at us in defiance. That didn't help his cause, for it aroused the anger of our squadron.

"We started the charge slowly; then, as we neared the clump of trees, we broke into a gallop with drawn sabres and yelling at the top of our voices, Lowell and I riding side by side in front with several other officers.

"The enemy waited until we got close and then delivered a volley point blank at us and our formation was broken up, many gaps showing where men and horses fell. The bugle sounded 'Rally' and our men turned and rode back about 200 yards to the rallying place.

"But I did not get back there at once. After going 200 yards, my horse stopped stock still, rigid, as if suddenly paralyzed. I spurred him, but he would not move. The bullets were singing about me, so I dismounted and stood behind my horse, using him for cover. I saw he was bleeding from four or five wounds.

"Now, as I crouched there, almost alone between the lines and 200 yards from my comrades, I saw a cavalryman leave my regiment and plunge out into the open toward me. He came at a gallop, pulled up beside me and cried out: 'Get up behind me, Captain, and I'll carry you in.' I was reluctant to leave my poor horse, a splendid friend that had carried me two years, and he had been wounded before at the battle of Beverly Ford, but he was mortally wounded this time and I could do nothing for him. I mounted behind the brave man who had come to rescue me and away we flew on his fine horse, across the open field, while the enemy's sharpshooters made a target of us, and we arrived safely in our lines. The horse went wildly, and it took a squad of men to stop him, for, when I dismounted, I saw he had been wounded in five places. That cavalryman was Sergt. Conrad Schmidt of Company K of my command. I shall never forget those moments as we rode upon that horse."

"But you lost your arm in that battle. Didn't that make a greater impression than the brave act of Sergt. Schmidt?"

"Oh," said he, as if he had forgotten it, "that was later in the day, about 5 o'clock, when we were making the final charge, which sent the enemy 'whirling through Winchester,' as Gen. Sherman afterward reported. I was struck by three pistol balls and later Col. Lowell put me on his horse and led me to a house nearby. They cut off my arm that night. But that was only the fortune of war."

"But, General," said I, wondering at his shortness in dismissing the fact of the lost right arm, "did not the wound and the amputation of your arm make a great impression? Was it not a great moment when they cut off that arm?"

He replied, mildly:

"Of course, a man is not likely ever to forget the moment when he loses an arm. But you wanted a story, didn't you? There is no story in the sawing off of an arm. That was certainly a brave deed that Sergt. Schmidt performed, and that was a thrilling ride we two had on that horse, yes, indeed!"

Reflections Of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland.

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THE kind of love that can't endure a few shattered illusions is too flimsy to stand the strain of matrimony.

It is easy to cure your marital troubles if only you can diagnose them; but most people make the mistake of fancying that they are suffering from soul-starvation, when it is nothing but sentimental indigestion.

Telling a girl's fortune sometimes leads to misfortune, if you happen to hold her hand a little too long, or too tenderly, during the palm-reading.

If men were as cautious and calculating in business as most of them are in love, they would all be Kings of Finance.

A man always looks back on the love-affair before the last as a "late unpleasantness," because he usually remembers nothing but the unpleasant time he had getting out of it.

Feed a man sentiment out of a teaspoon. Don't pass him the whole dish; because, when he gets enough of anything, from luncheon to love, naturally he doesn't want any more.

A man doesn't demand that a woman be square; because he prefers to marry the kind that he can get around without knocking against the sharp corners of her principles.

Success doesn't consist in getting the middle of the stage, but in getting over the footlights.

COULDN'T GET ACQUAINTED.

"They would make a splendid match. I wonder why they have never married?"

"Oh, in winter she is interested in society, and in the summer he is interested in baseball."—The Smart Set.

HE UNDERSTOOD.

The Owner—In my new house I want a simple breakfast room in addition to the more elaborate dining-room.

The Architect—I see. What you want is an oatmeal mush room and a grilled mushroom room.—Chicago News.